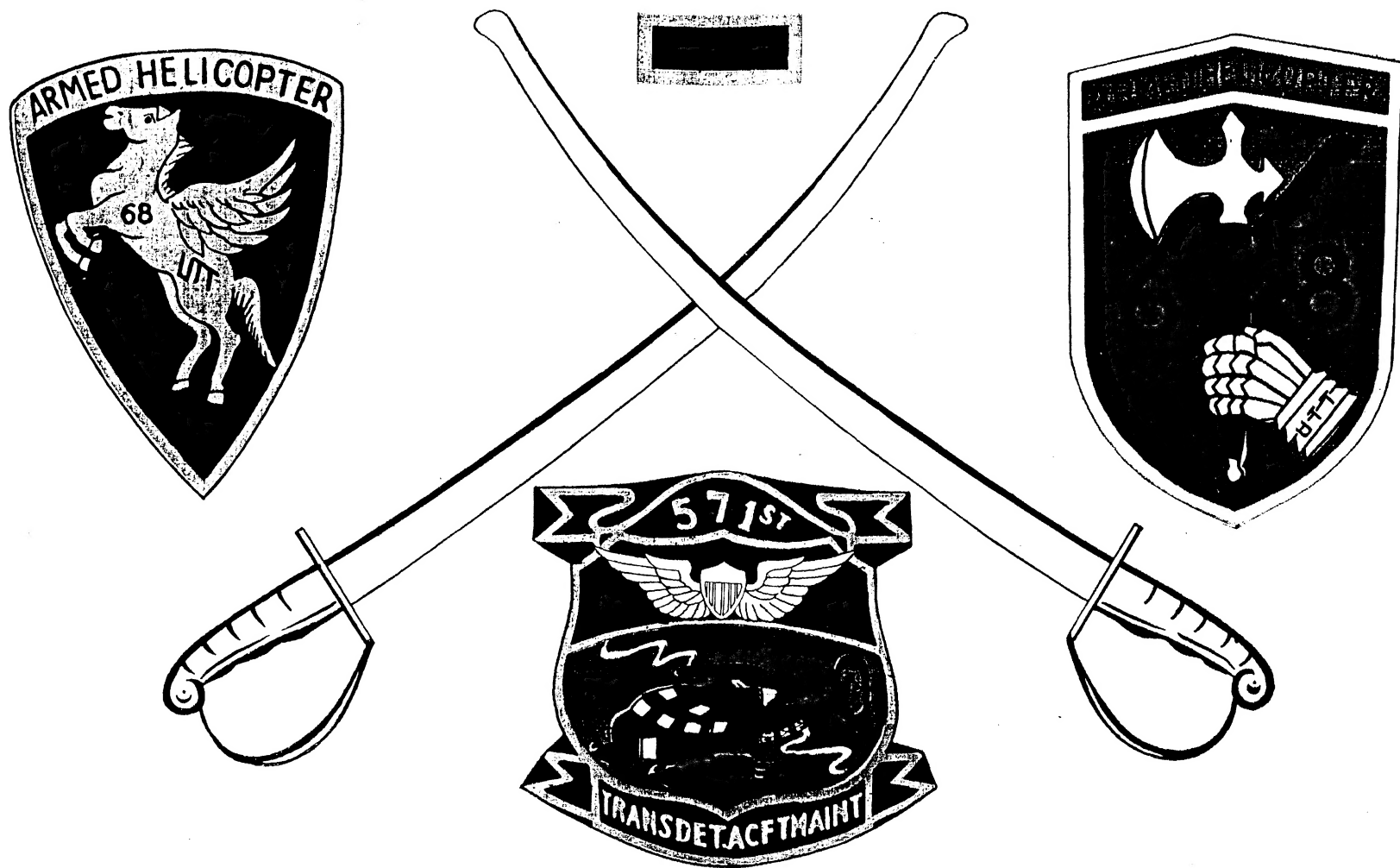


THE SABER



SAIGON VIETNAM 1964-1965

SONGS OF THE UTT
THE TEST
TUNE-"BIG IRON ON HIS HIP"

To the flight line here in Saigon, a new pilot came one day
He didn't talk to folks around him, didn't have too much to say
Did he dare to ask a question, did he dare to make a slip
For he knew that for the first time he had weapons on his ship, weapons on his ship

It was early in the morning and the crew chief wore a frown
He didn't know if this new replacement could get his chopper off the ground
He knew this was deadly business, and there couldn't be a slip
And he knew a fledgling pilot could bring troubles to his ship, troubles to his ship

Soon this pilot learned his lesson, while flying all around
He received his first baptism from the VC on the ground
Many rounds came through the cockpit, and they struck the rotor head
And he looked around behind him thinking everyone was dead, everyone was dead

He could see the gunner shooting, he could hear the crewchief shout
I can see them bastards running, god, that marking smoke is out
Before the Viet Cong reached cover, his bullets fairly ripped
And the wingman's aim was deadly, with the weapons on his ship, weapons on his ship

It was over in a moment, there was silence all around
And the bodies of the VC lie before him on the ground
He'd survived his first encounter, and just like all the rest
Now he was a combat pilot who had passed the crucial test, passed the crucial test

The test, the test, now he was a combat pilot who had passed the crucial test, passed the crucial test
Or so it seemed, until he made a poststrike recon, when he found that

It was over in a moment, there was silence all around
And the bodies of the VC lie before him on the ground
He's survived his first encounter, but you haven't heard the rest
He just shot up 60 ARVN who were on a training test, on a training test

So the moral of this story is while flying all around
And you think you're getting fire from the VC on the ground
And they call you and they tell you to make a firing pass
Just tell your fearless leader, he can jam it up his ass. Jam it up his ass

A LETTER HOME

TUNE-"HELLO MUDDER, HELLO FODDER"

Hello Fadder, dearest mom, here I am in Viet Nam, weather here, is so zaney,
For six mounths it's dusty, and six mounths it's rainey.
Dear aunt Zeida, uncle Louie, got my check out, in an armed Huey, now my troubles,
Are all bygone, cause I'm over here shooting around Saigon.
I went flyin, with Jim Lee, he got shot right through the knee, you remember
Loenard Skinner, he got mortared up at Bien Hoa after dinner,
My two buddies Jim and Tom, they got blown up at Quinhon, you remember Larry Drew,
He got his leg shot off at Pleiku.
I just talked to Warran Green, he said he saw a Mig 15, he said it started a bombing
Run, I think I'll watch this should be a lot of fun.
You should see him, he's a beaut, now he's straffing Tan Son Nhut, he's coming this
Way, his aim is better, darling Mudder, Fadder disregard this letter.

SAIGON OH SAIGON

Saigon, oh Saigon's a hell of a place, the organization's a blasted disgrace
There's captains and majors and light colonels too, with their hand in their pockets and nothing to do
They stand on the runways, they scream and they shout, about many things they know
Nothing about, for all that theyr'e doing, they might as well be, cutting grass skirts on the isle of Capri
The UTT's comeing, we're way out of bounds, everyone knows we're a damned bunch of clowns
We shoot up rice paddies and brag about torque, and everyone thinks he's a damned Sgt York

AIRSICK ARVN

TUNE - "DRUNKEN SAILOR"

What'ya gonna' do with an Airsick ARVN (3Times)
Early in the mornin', early in the mornin'
Throwin' up his rice'n'water
Early in the mornin'
Way hay and up she rises
Fillin' up his helmet liner
Repeat first

THE DRAGONS

TUNE - "SINGING THE BLUES"

I never felt more like singing the blues, cause I never thought that I'd ever loose
My guns boys, you got me singing the blues
I never felt more like running away, cause I never thought that there'd be the day
That you'd slick me, you got me singing the blues
The sun and stars no longer shine, the guns are gone I thought were mine, there's
Nothing left for me to do, but fly way up here in the blue
Every time that I leave the ground, Saigon center's following me around, boys,
He's got me singing the blues
When emergency messages I have sent, I found out Paris' weapon was bent, and couldn't
Help me he's got me singing the blues
Repeat chorus, and first stanza

WHO IS WINNING THE WAR
TO THE TUNE OF BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Men may argue the pros and cons on who's winning this dirty war,
But the fact remains that the army planes take credit for that score
Yes, the man with the rifle, the little guy whose life is eternal hell.
If he had but the time and paper to write, and the adjectives knew how to spell,
Would praise the skies both long and loud for the help that he gets from the air.
Cause he knows for sure when the chips are down, UTT will always be there.
They come at all hours, both day and night, with their rockets and guns blazing death,
And the guy on the ground breathes a sigh of relief, cause he knows that now there's no sweat.
They stay as long as he needs their help, placing fire on the enemy horde,
And departs expended with a friendly goodbye like a knight resheathing his sword.
The gallant crews in their fragile birds, lacking armor and speed for the task,
Repeatedly plunge in the thick of the fray of tracers and splintering glass.
Yet you know when it's over, though some don't return, that the job has been done and done well,
And the men in the unit whose pride is so fierce, can show why their chests proudly swell.
They've been called primadonnas by many around, who would cast aspersions about
But the fact remains that their brand of work takes a stomach that has to be stout.
It's kill or be killed when you boil it down. Whether you fire, you shouldn't, or should,
It's a hundred decisions all made in the air and the guys that make them are good.
So shout all you want on whose winning this war, pass accolades out if you may,
But it's the UTT, ask the guy on the ground, for without them he's unable to stay.